
Title: Yew War- First Battle

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Several days ago, I recieved word from William Smit the IV that the Stormreaver Orcs were going to finally live out the ultimate dream of the Stormreaver Orc Clan, to take their ancestral home of Yew from the humans. They wanted someone to witness this historic event, and they chose... me.

Somewhat distressed over William's reversion back to his old, orcish ways, and somewhat distressed over the fact that the Orcs were attacking Yew, I went to the Orc Fort, where Grishnak told me what his plan was, and that he needed someone who could speak the language of men to tell of the great battle. So it began.

Monday I arrived at the Stormreaver Orc fort, expecting the usual crowd of five or six Orcs. I was, quite simply, shocked. I counted approximately fourty Orcs milling about, snarling, eating strange things, and generally being disgusting. With the sudden appearance of a human in their home, the Orcs snarled and went on the defensive,

surrounding me
rather quickly.

"Dis de humie we not
to clump?" Snarg
asked Grishnak.
Grishnak looked.
Then, he was
distracted by a small
rabbit hopping by, so
he had to look again.
"Err. yub. He mojo
scwibble and draw
pictures."

I breathed a sigh of
relief and sat down to
watch the "festivities"
as the fourty
something Orcs hit
each other with blunt
(and not so blunt)
objects, cut cloth into
bandages (which they
called healies.) and
ordered the slaves to
bring them more of
the "Majuk waddah"
which, for all
practical purposes,
seemed to look exactly
like potions, though I
noted that their
refreshing red potions
contained more blood
than most alchemists
require. I also noticed
that the Orcs were
rubbing dead, rancid
rats up against their
weapons, much in the
way that assassins
poison swords, and, as
only a few Orcs had
this ability to rub
rancid rat against a
sword properly, many
of the others were
asking these gifted
few to "rat" their
weapons for them. I
noted this and began to
wonder if it would be
effective in battle.
"Fark!" Grishnak
began to shout. "Fark!
Who tuld them idits to
go to da ruins?!"

Apparently, this was not a good thing, as Grishnak began to beat his head against a wall. "Me wunt everyone to get into the fort!" he shouted. "Into da fort!"

"Into da fort, into da fort!" the Orc chorus began. "Ju too, humie." Shak'nak said, pushing me along.

When everyone had gotten into the fort, it was a shocking site indeed. I counted the Orcs, there was a line of thirty Orcs, with various high ranking Orcs, which Shak'nak said were the "Waarghs, Captains and nobs" milling about on ostards. I had never seen the Orcs ride any mount before - usually I saw them eating mounts. Grishnak stood before the shouting, smelly masses, and began to rally his troops. I could not always hear him, being in the back, but the effect was profound. When he charged the Stormreavers to take back the land that the pathetic elves and humans had conspired to take from the Orcs, the troops were so enthused that they could have taken on the Bludgod himself. Just as Grishnak finished his first round of shouting, the hulking demonic form of the Bludgod himself came from the ground, his towering figure merely observing the

gathered Orcs. The
Bludgod smiled and
nodded and then
vanished back to
where ever it is he
hails from.

"Fur da Bludgod and
Grishnak! Hoowah!"

"HHooooowwwaaahhh!
"

"Take ober Yew! Har
har!"

"Hoowwhaa!"

With that, and a few
shouts from
Grishnak, the Orcish
horde thundered from
the fort, shouting a
vicious warcry as Qog
led them to the
battlefield.

"Dis is really
sumthin, humie."
Grishnak said to me.

"Indeed." I replied.

"Ju be drawin'
sketches an
rememberin wut
happens, cuz dis be de
beginin of de time dat
de Orcs take back wut
we had taken frum
us!" And with that the
Orc chieftain ran to
join his shouting
troops, the nobles
running along side
him with the
frightened ostards,
through the woods
towards Yew. I ran
after, unable to keep
up the frenzied pace
of the berzerk orcish
hordes.

Out of breath, I
arrived at the ruins
north of the fort and
south of Yew where

the Orcs were laying
their ambush.
Grishnak took a break
from whipping his
troops into a
bloodlusting frenzy to
do some cold,
calculative military
planning. As he
ordered the troops to
split into three groups,
I felt someone tap me
on the shoulder.

"Ah, Garrett." I heard
him say. It was
William Smit the IV.
"How do you like my
handiwork?"
"Your handiwork?" I
replied. "I thought that
retaking Yew was the
calling of the
Stormreavers."

"Aye, it is..." William
replied. "But I helped
bring it to this." "Oh
really." I said.

"Yes. Enjoy the show,
Garrett. And make
sure you don't get
killed." "I always
manage." I replied.

I muttered some
unheard words
beneath my breath.
Had Will had given the
Orcs this idea so he
could take Yew in this
manner after having
lost the mayor's
election? But, there
was no time for that,
things were
happening.

Grishnak's troops, the
largest force,
remained in the center
of the battlefield. He
sent the other two
forces off, one to the
east, one to the west,
so that the forces
formed a cup that

would surround the
Yew army as it
marched in from the
North. Tactically, it
was a brilliant plan,
except that the Yew
army decided to march
in from the east
instead of the North.
The eastern wing was
slightly outnumbered the
soldiers at least three
to one. It did not look
like something the
Yew army would
survive.

Please see Part Two
of this story.